



Truth Lies Dormant within Scorched Hearts: a sestina

Who owns the truth?
 Beneath the clash of war lies
 A hidden grudge, held dormant
 And smoldering within
 politicians' scorched
 Consciences and twisted hearts.

On one side, hearts
 Are filled with courage, sure of their truth.
 They willingly face scorched
 Earth, ready for what lies
 Ahead. Within
 Their minds, fear remains dormant.

The opposition also holds fear dormant
 As obedience orders their hearts'
 Drumbeats. Within
 Their minds, there is no room for the examination of truth
 Or lies.
 Their objective is to leave enemies scorched.

As days pass, scorched
 Acres spread across dormant
 Winter fields. Bombs and lies
 Fall like spring rain. Hearts
 Harden, truth
 Is held captive within

The stench of death, within
 The smell of scorched
 Bodies. Truth
 Hides in dormant
 Subway tunnels, in hearts
 Broken, as a husband, father, sweetheart lies

Far from home, searching for a place where safety lies.
 Meanwhile, far from the whine of bombs, within
 bloated comfortable cocoons, our confused hearts
 Seem powerless to end the scorched
 Catastrophe. Peace remains as elusive and dormant
 As wartime's truth.

Lies are scorched
 within dormant
 Hearts. Truth hides in the pockets of refugees.

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